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Editors: EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.
PHILIP BURNHAM (*now on duty with the armed forces*)

HARRY LORIN BINSSE, *Managing Editor*; MICHAEL WILLIAMS, *Special Editor*; C. G. PAULDING, *Literary Editor*; JOHN C. CORT, *Associate Editor*; JOHN BRUBAKER, *Advertising Manager*.

Senate Urges Feeding in Europe

NEWS of the passage of the Taft-Gillette resolution urging supervised, controlled feeding of children and expectant mothers in the nazi-occupied countries of Europe was relegated to obscure columns in the New York papers. Yet it is the climax of a story of both national and international importance.

Consider what it demonstrates regarding our American political system. Here was a measure called for by general dictates of vision, statesmanship, humanitarianism but of hardly any use in getting a man elected to office. For the American public had not reached the point of taking a lively interest in the internal conditions of other countries. Compare it for political "oomph" with such questions, for instance, as food subsidies, the soldiers' vote, the tax bill, veterans' benefits.

What is interesting here is not only the activity of the two sponsors: Senator Guy M. Gillette, Democrat, of Iowa, who is now rounding out a distinguished career of over thirty years in state and national politics, and Senator Robert Taft of Ohio, who is mentioned as one of the Republicans' 1944 presidential possibilities. The achievement is that the Senate should actually adopt such a resolution, which had no politically interested senators or groups of senators to push it. S.R. 100 had the added disadvantage of calling for action consistently opposed by our closest ally, Great Britain. Yet it was finally adopted.

What is the explanation? Certainly not large funds at the disposal of the citizens who were working for that cause, nor a plethora of expert Washington lobbyists or of prominent persons able to cut a swathe politically. Rather was it the burning conviction of one man, Howard E. Kershner, who knows the desperate conditions in the occupied countries first hand, that gradually won adherents. His magnificent testimony before the special Senate subcommittee charged with considering American policy on European feeding was only one of a whole series of Kershner radio talks and public addresses. It was difficult to explain how the plan would work without aiding the enemy, and the supposed objections were many, but the strength of Dr. Kershner's conviction won almost everyone to the merits of his case. In recent weeks he has succeeded in raising enough money to advertise for popular support of the measure in a number of the big newspapers; letters to Senators have been pouring into Washington literally by the thousand. His success in the Senate shows that any American with a good enough cause and enough determination to persevere can, even without a big organization behind him or much money for propaganda, secure wide public support and appropriate government action, even in wartime. A real tribute to our democracy.

What, then, is the current status of the question? The Senate has requested the State Department to institute negotiations with Britain and others in order to begin relief on the Greek model in the occupied countries. The next move is up to Mr. Hull or the President. Meanwhile the Gallup poll has shown that two out of every three Americans are positively in favor of the plan, while such representative groups as the National Catholic Welfare Conference, the Federal Council of Churches and the American Federation of Labor have strongly urged it. Positive executive action is the one essential still lacking. Cannot Mr. Roosevelt be prevailed upon to carry out this now-manifest desire of the American people before winter is over? Millions of young lives are at stake; the future character of European society is deeply involved, and with it the establishment of peace on a solid basis.

Baruch Report on Reconversion

THERE IS irony in the fact that the Baruch report on demobilization and reconversion is announced at the very time that the continued strength of the German Army is made so manifest. The "sudden collapse of Germany," which Mr. Baruch and his associate, John M. Hancock, assert must be provided for, appears distant. Yet their contention that converting to war production was

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considerably easier than the task of reconversion will prove to be cannot be gainsaid. And their plan explicitly calls for measures that will speed our prosecution of the war, both now and after the collapse or defeat of Germany or Japan. It is essential to begin specific planning for demobilization now, even though the defeat of Germany looks farther off than we had hoped two months ago.

The Baruch report clearly points out the main avenues of demobilization activity. Re-employment is first on the list, with the recommendation that every community have a center to which mustered-out service men and women can turn for aid in returning to peacetime work. War workers would apply there too, presumably, but servicemen will come first.

One of the most intricate and important problems is how to get the government out of business. The Baruch plan would give the government sixty days to clear out. War contracts would be terminated in such a way that work done or started would be paid for immediately, while loans from local banks for reconversion purposes would be guaranteed by the national government. Congress would be asked for appropriate legislation to assure the kind of disposal of surplus commodities most helpful for the sound restoration of peacetime economy. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation would handle disposal of surplus commodities, half-finished products and equipment from factories. The Maritime Commission will have charge of ships, the Department of Agriculture, food, and the Treasury Procurement Division, consumers goods.

Such war powers as price control, priorities and the President's power to requisition will have to be extended into the reconversion period. War agencies will have to be whittled down as their usefulness wanes. Small business must have special protection during this period. Of immediate need in Baruch's opinion is a postwar tax law that will encourage new and continued private enterprise together with a pool of public works projects in the blueprint stage.

There are differences on questions of detail, but few will contend that this is not a good general outline of the problems to be faced in reconversion. Or that important steps must be taken now. Senate opposition seems to be solely on the ground of who should be in charge. Senator George prefers a joint Congressional Committee of six members to a board appointed by the Chief Executive.

The High Cost of Living

THE OPPOSITION to subsidies seems to be very deep-seated; perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the power of the Farm Bloc is deeply entrenched. Anyone who studies the question must realize that the chief virtue of subsidies is to act as a counter-balance against manipulated high prices—that is to say, against prices going into a speculative upward spiral because of disproportionate buying power or because of deliberate manipulation. It is not a question of paying farmers a few cents subsidy for each dozen of their oranges out of the Federal Treasury, so that the customer may save precisely the same number of cents; it is rather a brake slowing the process of the price of oranges skyrocketting because of a small disparity between supply and demand. It has long been recognized that a surplus ton of fruit can break the market; in like manner, the lack of a ton can make the market price double or treble in no time at all. The prime object of subsidies is to keep us on an even keel with food prices. And by and large the scheme has worked. We have said all this before and we repeat it briefly again, to keep the record clear. Come June, there will be another fight on the subject; let us hope that it will be better understood by everyone before the fight begins.

The Church and the CCF

IN THIS ISSUE of THE COMMONWEAL will be found an authoritative account of what took place last fall when the Canadian hierarchy was considering the question of whether the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation—Canada's new political party, with a distinct leaning toward socialism—might be considered "neutral" and therefore a party to which Catholics might licitly belong. The procedure of the bishops followed time-honored precedents. As the author of the article points out, the Canadian hierarchy wished carefully to avoid any suspicion of giving approval to the CCF; it wished merely to indicate that the CCF had precisely the same standing as either the Liberals or the Conservatives. Hence the CCF was not mentioned by name in the declaration issued as a result of the Quebec meeting. Unfortunately the interpretative editorial prepared for the *Register* chain of Catholic weeklies and intended to make perfectly clear what the bishops had in mind was not particularly skilfully released. It was made to seem like an independent comment on the part of one chain of papers rather than an authoritative interpretation. The result was that many Catholic papers and substantially all of the political enemies of the CCF insisted that the bishops did not mean to do what they did, and many Catholics were sincerely puzzled by the whole affair. One cannot help feeling that today, when masses of people are more politically minded and more anxious to turn everything into grist for their own political mills, the classic language of episcopal pronouncements, with all its reticences and careful formulation, sometimes does not serve the purpose for which it was devised—the purpose of guiding the faithful.

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"Clerical Monuments"

IT MAY be useless to keep this up; it may be very dull; it would be nice, certainly, if it could be kept from becoming ill-tempered, but I do not know about that because it is becoming a little trying to see that the whole question of the destruction of Italy is reduced in the press now to a matter of placating Catholic opinion. I have always said that there was no need to worry unduly about Catholic opinion. For two weeks I have argued the case for sparing the monuments of Italy as if I were not a Catholic writing in a Catholic magazine. I have said that the buildings of Italy were important to civilization in themselves, as buildings, and that in the measure that one was a Catholic, to exactly that degree buildings, as buildings, were of less import. Throughout the centuries Catholics tore down their own buildings to erect new ones. Sometimes they built a beautiful building where there had been an ugly one; sometimes the other way round. From the time when they tore down the temples of Paestum to build Amalfi, from the time they stripped the Coliseum and everything there was in Rome to build their churches, the Catholics have been ruthless about buildings. They do not care about buildings as such. That is if they are very marvelous Catholics; that is, if they know. For the buildings, the churches, the statues, the stained glass, the mosaics, the frescoes, the form of the basilica, constitute an *aide memoire*. To the extent that a Catholic knows the answers he does not need an *aide memoire*. He can place his plea before God without presenting the tall Gothic spires, the lacework of Milan, the domes of St. Mark's, the dome of St. Peter's, the room in the candlelight of the catacombs, the wind-blown angels of the Jesù. He can present his dead to God without the scrawled graffiti on the wall above the tomb, without the knight and the lady lying on the marble tomb. . . .

The buildings of Italy are not an *aide memoire* to God; but to us. It is the past which presents us with the vestiges by which we may know it. It is the Etruscans, the Greeks, the Romans, the centuries of these peoples who have disappeared, and the nineteen centuries of the Christians also who have disappeared, who have left us these indications that they lived. They are of some importance, or are they not?

Mr. C. L. Sulzberger in the New York *Times* (February 20) describes them as "clerical monuments with which in the words of the G.I.'s 'Italy is just lousy,'" and he produces a Catholic Lieutenant Colonel who says: "If you would just let the Catholic boys in the artillery shell away at the monasteries, I think they'd do as good a job as anyone." Of course. That is what we said last week. We said that "the monasteries" would inevitably be targets; the "clerical monuments" would be inevitable targets.

It is very hard not to be ill-tempered when faced with the imbecile assimilation of everything that the past has left us in Italy with what is called "church property." The papers are filled with the argument that Catholics must endure a loss which they alone will feel. It is very hard to hear that said without having some contempt for those who say it. Without foreseeing the contempt with which future generations will greet such statements. I am not talking about what Italians will say, or what the tourists will say when they travel again among the Italian ruins, or what Europeans will say. I am thinking of the accusation of frivolity that will be made against us all if we do not debate this question on its real merits. When Princeton begins teaching something again, when Harvard has some students again, it will be said here in America that all this nonsense about Lieutenant Colonels and Catholic artillerymen and "clerical monuments" was not greatly to the point. It will be asked of us all: "Did you measure the loss to civilization of the Italian campaign? We do not care whether you succeed in placating the Catholics; we are not interested in what you said to the Catholics or in what they said to you. We want to know what the American people said to its government at a time when that government had to decide whether or not to fight the Germans throughout the length of Italy, whether or not to set a limit to the Italian campaign, whether or not to follow the Germans wherever they chose to fight. We know that this decision had to be based ultimately on the major strategy of the war. We know that the American people could not have been judge of strategy. We know that all arguing about local destruction could only have been absurd. Wherever the fighting was the buildings had to go. We know that. But we want to know if the American people ever asked whether or not the major strategy of the war made the destruction of all Italy inevitable. We want to know if they ever looked a step ahead; if they asked their government to look a step ahead. When Cassino was destroyed did they ask what about Assisi? Did they say: 'If we go there, Assisi will be destroyed: do we have to go there?' "

We are not asking the government to stabilize the Italian front. We are not asking that the war be lost in order to save "clerical monuments." We are not asking that lives be lost to save "those monasteries." We are not interfering with strategy, although there are plenty of people who think this strategy is wrong. We are asking if certain monuments, identifiable, and which we know are of value to civilized man, have been seriously appraised before the strategists decided to fight throughout the length of Italy and thus destroy them. No one answers. C. G. PAULDING.

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Leningrad: "Dazzling" City

The rebirth of Peter's metropolis

Helen Iswolsky

NOW THAT Leningrad has emerged from the smoke of battle, a free city once more, it rises before us indeed as Peter the Great had dreamt it—an impregnable stronghold and a "window opened on Europe." Even as in the days of Peter, who had rightly grasped both its strategic and spiritual significance, Russia's former capital is a military camp, and it is the heart of Russia's modern culture. The foreign correspondents who visited Leningrad after its epic siege was lifted marveled both at the stubborn resistance it offered and at its undying beauty. Its palaces, churches and museums had been mercilessly shelled and battered by the Germans; yet they still shone with that radiant elegance which so deeply moves the hearts of its inhabitants.

Russia's poets have described Saint Petersburg (today Leningrad) as the "dazzling city," a city of harmony and noble grandeur, and also as an austere city. It is indeed all that, and something more, for this "architectural pageant," as Professor Miliukov called it, was the background of great tragedies, great struggles and great achievements. It was planned by Peter, one of Russia's great geniuses, and it was for more than two centuries the center of an extraordinary artistic and literary blossoming.

A Soviet writer who witnessed the most dramatic days of the siege, relates that under the effect of air-raids and shelling, Leningrad was stirred to a mysterious life. It lost the decorum of a modern city. The shattered buildings, the broken windows, the sand-bags heaped up to protect the monuments, the trenches dug in the middle of the streets, the statues removed from their pedestals . . . all this destroyed the harmony, obscured the dazzling beauty. However, the Soviet author tells us, Leningrad did not look like a city in ruins, it looked like a city which was being erected, like an *unfinished* city, just as it appeared in the days when Peter began to build it in 1703.

Of all the descriptions of besieged Leningrad—and they are countless—this is the most vivid and, I believe, the most true. It conjures up all that lies behind the "architectural pageant": the original Saint Petersburg, which like a magic plant grew out of a swamp, blossomed on artificial soil, at the price of superhuman labor.

Petersburg was in the beginning nothing but a fortress, or rather a fort, an entrenched camp, built by Peter to make a stand against the Swedes. He erected the first districts of his new town while still fighting the foreign invader. It was only in 1713, four years after his victory at Poltava, when King Charles of Sweden fled from the battlefield, that Peter was able to declare: "The stone of Saint Petersburg hath been laid with the help of God." Only then did he officially transfer the capital from Moscow to the banks of the Neva.

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The two-room cottage in which the Czar lived in the early days still stands in Leningrad. When Peter received visitors, he went over to the house of his lieutenant, Menchikov, whose abode was larger and more comfortable. Peter did not spare himself during this gigantic task of building the new capital on the treacherous soil of the Neva banks. Neither did he spare others. He lived like a soldier, and his workmen were drafted like soldiers. Axes, spades and saws were collected for them from all parts of Russia. So was the grain to feed the workers. All stone-masons were mobilized throughout the country and it was forbidden to build a stone mansion outside the city. A reluctant gentry, accustomed to live in the old-fashioned but sumptuous homes of Moscow, was forced to migrate to these uncomfortable quarters, half fortress and half dock-yard. In order to build the houses and to open the avenues, swamps had to be dried up and great forests cleared. In one of his novels the Russian writer and poet, Andrei Biely, who more than anyone perhaps understood and loved this city, speaks with awe of the sweeping Petersburg avenues; they still represent the lines drawn long ago by the Czar's hand across a military map. His indomitable will is felt in every street and square.

Paradoxically, the dazzling pageant which brings out all the architectural fantasy of the eighteenth century, all the classical beauty of the early nineteenth, is shrouded for many months of the year in a veil which makes it look like a phantasmagoria. The Italian splendor, made for eternally blue skies, has been transplanted into a world of snow and ice. Andrei Biely speaks of Saint Petersburg as a city of "mists and clouds,"

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mists and clouds billowing above the banks of the Neva, and shaped like palaces and cathedrals. In winter the Neva is a frozen, white immensity, clothed in fog. The days are short and gloomy. The sky is low, and at sunset it is of a peculiar, dramatic orange hue. But in spring when the mists are lifted Petersburg is indeed a dazzling city. For when Peter's long struggle with nature and the foreign invader was over, his successors called great artists and architects, some of them Italians, some of them Russians (there was even a peasant-serf amongst them) to clothe the city in granite and marble. When the spring comes the heart of every Petersburg citizen rejoices, as the Neva ice breaks up and the lilacs bloom on its many islands; and the white nights, mysteriously luminous, are as enchanting as Italian moonlight.

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The people of Saint Petersburg have the feeling of living on some great stage majestically adorned and set for classical drama. Here are the monuments put up for the great play: the Winter Palace, built by the Italian Rastrelli, the "Hermitage" with its art treasures, the immense Alexander Square with its column crowned by an angel—this is where the "mob scenes" are to be enacted; the "Admiralty" with its golden spire, the Fortress of Saints Peter and Paul and its grim casemates, where many a famous prisoner was entombed; the University, center of learning and of political unrest; the Tauride Palace, built by Empress Catherine for her favorite, Prince Potemkin, and turned after the revolution of 1905 into the house of parliament, the Duma, heart of Russian democracy. And here are the two cathedrals, with their great domes and mighty columns.

So deeply are the people of Petersburg attached to this familiar scenery that during the recent siege and the German bombings, artists painted canvas false fronts to cover the shattered façades of historical buildings.

It is typical of the resurgence of Russian national traditions brought about by this war that *historical* Petersburg has come back to life. During the years of revolution and civil war, during the great struggles of "planification" and collectivism, so much had been forgotten. Russia's capital was transferred back to Moscow. Petersburg, or Petrograd as it was then called, was deserted. And even before the revolution, the "dazzling city" had become a city of darkness. There was an atmosphere of decay about it. A weakened dynasty could no longer uphold the prestige of the Winter Palace and symbolically withdrew to the "summer residence" of Tsarskoie Selo. Petersburg became the center of political opposition and the bed of conspiracies. It was also the city of the intelligentsia, of poets and artists, of a decadent society, sophisticated, superrefined, rebellious, but divided in its soul.

During the first world war, there was a wave of patriotism, and the crowds knelt in solemn prayer in the Alexander Square, in front of the Winter Palace, when the Czar appeared on the balcony. It seemed for a short time that a reconciliation was still possible between the sovereign and his people. Then came defeat, disappointment, the evil reign of Rasputin, intrigue and doubt; even the most loyal servants of the Czar drew away from him, and there were rumors of a palace revolution soon to break out. It was a people's revolution which actually broke out. The crowds surged around the Duma, Prince Potemkin's sumptuous palace. Meanwhile, in the Smolny Institute, no less dazzling, no less elaborate in style, and which had long served as an establishment for the young ladies of the nobility, the Bolsheviks set up headquarters. The Winter Palace, which had become the seat of the Provisional Government, was shelled by the Bolshevik sailors of the cruiser *Aurora,* which steamed up the Neva. There was bloody street-fighting in Peter's majestic avenues, and so the curtain fell on another scene of Russian history. It was the Kremlin, not the Winter Palace, which became once more the center of Russian life.

Still the intelligentsia clung to Petersburg during the fearful years of military communism. Russian painters made etchings of the deserted capital, Russian poets wrote sonnets about it. Alexander Block composed in Petersburg his famous "Twelve," the most prophetic of Russian poems. In those days grass and even cornflowers sprang up among the stones of the Petersburg pavement. It had become indeed a city of mists and clouds, unreal and fantastic, yet still beautiful.

It was the German invasion which awakened Leningrad from its dream and brought it back to reality. Under the German shells and bombs, during the long months of cold and famine, the heroic citizens realized all that the city of Peter meant to them, all that Russian history which they were continuing meant to them. There was Marshal Kutuzov's tomb in the Cathedral of Our Lady of Kazan. In the Monastery of Alexander Nevsky lay the remains of Russia's most beloved saint, who had resisted the invader, like Kutuzov, like Peter. There was Peter himself, laid to rest in the Cathedral across the river. There was Peter's equestrian monument, the "Bronze Horseman," as Pushkin had called it, towering above the square, arm extended in an imperious gesture. There were the granite embankments of the Neva; against this parapet Pushkin had leaned discussing poetry with a friend. There were the graves of Dostoievsky, Turgenev, Tchaikovsky and of how many others? Leningrad once more became a Russian pantheon.

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In Hitler's mind the city was but a military objective, which was to be conquered according to plan. The nazi high command believed that direct military operations would be unnecessary. Leningrad could be reduced through attrition.

And so it was that the people of Leningrad had to face one of the most tragic ordeals of this war. It is said that more than a million people died in Leningrad from hunger and cold. After a siege of twenty-eight months, Hitler discovered that there was something irreductible in the city of mists and clouds.

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Personal reminiscences appear strangely insignificant and faded compared to the epic scenes of the defense of Leningrad. Yet if I turn back to that city, which in those days was still Saint Petersburg—not even Petrograd—there is much to remember which foreshadows the present great events. There was the beauty and the harmony of the classical staging and there was the austerity and even a certain grimness.

No inhabitant of Petersburg is quite free from the feeling of awe experienced by Andrei Biely. Pushkin knew it, and so did Dostoievsky. We have all of us been aware of that peculiar, almost eery, atmosphere which envelops the city, especially in winter. As a child, I remember myself glancing with a shudder at the palace where the Emperor Paul was murdered. One of my great-great-uncles had taken part in the conspiracy and had later confessed his crime to the Emperor Paul's son, Alexander. On the "Senate Square" still roamed the ghosts of the "Decembrists," the officers of the guards who started the first Russian revolution. They were the heroes of all Russian liberal-minded youth. And at the end of the Neva embankment there was a large grim building called the Lithuanian Castle, which looked like a Piranesi prison and filled me with secret terror. I am still haunted by it, just as I can still hear the nightingales on the "islands" far out on the river, where we used to walk during the white nights when none of us could sleep.

When I visited the head-teacher of the Smolny Institute, I looked wonderingly at the girls, dressed in quaint, old fashioned white uniforms, with little capes on their shoulders—prim, austere and chaste, like Racine's Mesdemoiselles de St. Cyr. They drifted noiselessly along the marble corridors and into the richly gilded chapel, another Rastrelli masterpiece. Little did we dream in those days that this abode of gentle maidenhood was the stage set for the first meetings of Trotsky's revolutionary staff. Yet even then rebellion was mustering its forces, not very far away, in the workers' districts.

Later, as a girl of eighteen I became aware of these forces, gathering behind the scenes of the Petersburg pageant. I had lived abroad and had broken away from Petersburg officialdom. Therefore, I had perhaps a clearer sense than most of my companions of some great tragedy in store. Somehow, I never felt like a carefree débutante. In the winter of 1914, on the very eve of war, the dazzling capital began to appear like a city of ghosts. The Russian empire still stood erect, but Peter's spirit had left it, with the Russian riddle still unsolved. There was the Petersburg élite, highly cultured and refined. There were the officials, many of them devoted and conscientious civil servants. There were the young men of the nobility, mostly in uniform, who were to fight and die gallantly during world war number one. There were the liberal political leaders, bourgeois and noblemen, seeking earnestly to build up in Russia a normal constitutional régime. And then there were the people, an immense mass of "little grey peasants" everywhere throughout Russia, an immense mass of factory workers, with obscure aspirations and inarticulate, passionate demands. They were the elemental force, the unreleased energy, with no one to express their mute and violent plea. The evil and the good in them were not the evil and good of the sophisticated minority, living in the palaces of mists and clouds.

And so when the minority crumbled, together with the Czarist régime, the swamps of Petersburg opened under the hoofs of Peter's bronze steed. I believe this is the story of the ghostly capital. It is this abyss under my feet I was aware of, long before it actually revealed itself. There was a sense of unreality about the brilliant pageant of thirty years ago. No doubt in the painted canvas today covering Leningrad's battered façades there is more reality than in that phantom world of 1914.

The masses have emerged on the great stage designed by Peter. They have expressed themselves; the evil and the good have come to light. The swamp has been conquered, the forests have been cleared once more, this time not through the will of one man, but through a deep, spiritual process accomplished by an entire people. This people has proved worthy of Peter's heritage; the citizens of Leningrad have come to love all that speaks to them of the city's past, for it has now actually become their city.

I, too, still seem to belong somehow to the city of mists and clouds. I shall never feel entirely like an exile. The sadness of the winter fogs, the ecstasy of the white nights are in my blood, as they are in the blood of the people who have defended Leningrad. I have not shared their suffering, nor shall I ever be able to equal them in their sacrifice, but I can grasp its meaning because of the common love we bear.

As an old citizen of St. Petersburg, once more I salute the dazzling city.

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The Church and the CCF

The Canadian hierarchy's stand on Canada's "socialist" party

M. G. Ballantyne

Murray G. Ballantyne, author of this article, is the managing director of the Province of Quebec edition of "The Canadian Register." This edition is the official English archdiocesan paper of the Archdiocese of Montreal. Mr. Ballantyne has intimate knowledge of the subject with which he deals, and what he writes he writes in his official capacity.—THE EDITORS.

HERETOFORE the political scene in Canada has been dominated by the "Tweedledum" and "Tweedledee" of conservatism and liberalism. Today a new political party, the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation, vigorously threatens the quasi-monopoly of the two old-time organizations. In the Ontario provincial elections held last August, the CCF raised its representation in the provincial legislature from 0 to 34, only four less than the Progressive-Conservative Party, which replaced the former Liberal Government. The CCF is now the official opposition in four provinces, and it seems probable that it will constitute the opposition—if not the government—in the next Parliament at Ottawa. A Gallup Poll taken on September 29 last credited it with the support of 29 percent of the total electorate, whereas the figures of 28 percent each were credited to the Liberals and the Progressive-Conservatives. Only the businessmen showed lack of enthusiasm for the new party, giving it but 5 percent of their support. Labor, on the other hand, was 42 percent in favor of the CCF. Alarmed by these figures, which represented the culmination of two years of growing CCF support, the industrialists, the old-time politicians and the press launched vigorous campaigns against "socialism and the CCF." Today the electorate is reported to be split 30 percent in favor of the Liberals, 29 percent in favor of the Progressive-Conservative and 24 percent in favor of the CCF.

The Cooperative Commonwealth Federation has reached this important position in slightly more than ten years of existence. It was formed at Calgary in 1932, during the depths of the depression, by a federation of minor groups such as the Socialist Party of British Columbia, various Prairie Province labor parties, the United Farmers of Alberta and associations of university intellectuals. The next year, in a first national convention, which was assembled at Regina, the new party adopted a fundamental program of 14 points which has subsequently come to be known as the Regina Manifesto. It remains the basic statement of the CCF platform, though its general principles have been amplified and clarified by later decisions of the party. Briefly, the fourteen points of the Regina Manifesto call for a central planning board; socialization of finance; socialization (dominion, provincial, or municipal) of transportation, communications, power and "all other industries and services essential to social planning"; agricultural security and balance; control of external trade; fostering of cooperative institutions; a national labor code; socialized health services; necessary constitutional changes "without infringing upon racial or religious minority rights or upon legitimate provincial claims to autonomy"; international cooperation in external relations, but avoidance of "all participation in imperialist wars"; steep taxation on wealth and "cessation of the debt-creating system of Public Finance"; freedom of speech and assembly and equal treatment of all races, creeds and beliefs; social justice in penology; and an emergency program of public works.

Although agreement had been reached on these fourteen points soon after the founding of the party, the CCF was far from having achieved immediate stability or clarity of outline. Its composition was decidedly heterogeneous, ranging all the way from rabid Marxists in British Columbia to conservative craft unionists in the East, and combining in somewhat uneasy fraternity farmers, workers and intellectuals. To make the matter more complex, Canada's Communists immediately set to work to attempt to penetrate the party and to achieve a disguised control. For a time the issue was doubtful, but the attempt was finally frustrated and the CCF has refused all subsequent overtures from the Communists.

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Thus the Church in Canada during the early thirties found itself faced with a new political party which had yet to stabilize itself, which contained elements unquestionably Marxist and materialist, and which propounded policies capable of—and at times receiving—an interpretation incompatible with Christian doctrine. The hier-

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archy was not unanimous in its reaction to this political development. Some members of the episcopacy viewed it with considerable favor, others feared that its materialistic potentialities were highly dangerous. This difference of opinion was to some extent complicated and exacerbated by the peculiar problems of those Catholics who were French-speaking. To their anxiety concerning matters of pure doctrine was added a natural fear of the centralizing tendencies of the CCF, with its talks of "planning" and changes to be made in the British North America Act (Canada's constitution). The hierarchy as such never took any stand concerning the CCF, but the late Archbishop of Montreal, Monseigneur Gauthier, issued a pastoral letter on the subject early in 1934 in which he put his diocesans very much on guard against the new party, unless and until it could give reassurance on certain fundamental points. The language of the pastoral was very strong, but it has been interpreted as a *mise-en-garde* rather than a condemnation. Nevertheless the effect of this pastoral letter, of various speeches of other bishops, and of the loose talk of the CCF itself was that many Catholics throughout the country felt that they could not in conscience work for or support the CCF. The result was particularly painful for the party in Quebec, which is almost entirely Catholic and which always holds 65 seats in the House of Commons.

The subsequent ten years, marked by development and clarification of the CCF stand, and marked also by considerable general readjustment in social and economic thinking, caused many Catholics to become deeply concerned about the ambiguous relationship existing between the Church and the CCF. That the ecclesiastical authorities in a country should ever feel obliged to condemn a political party is at best a most regrettable necessity. But condemnation at least has the advantage of enabling Catholics to know where they stand. The CCF, on the other hand, was not condemned—it was merely under a cloud. Either the bishops thought that the CCF was seriously opposed to faith and morals, or they did not think so. Either, like the older parties, the CCF was indifferent from the point of view of faith and morals, or it was not. The situation badly needed clarification, and so the question was placed on the agenda of matters to be discussed at the plenary council of bishops in Canada held in Quebec last October.

It is obvious that bishops as such cannot concern themselves with economics or politics or any purely secular affair. It was not the concern of the bishops assembled at Quebec to pass any judgment on the wisdom or practicability of the political or economic aspects of the CCF program. They were concerned solely with the bearing of that programme on faith and morals. It was no part of their business to state whether or not they liked the CCF. Their sole responsibility was to indicate to the faithful whether or not they considered the CCF—like the older parties—to be what is technically known as "indifferent" from the point of view of faith and morals.

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There were, however, strong arguments of a secondary order which would make it desirable that the bishops should clear the CCF, if that were at all possible.

Among these secondary considerations there was first of all the desire to avoid any action that would foster a split in Canada between Right and Left. The example of Continental Europe is a fearful warning of the disasters that ensue once such an antithesis is established. It seemed clear that the CCF was becoming the means of expression of much of Canada's unrest and desire for social justice. To cut off Catholics from such a movement would have two most regrettable results. First it would deprive the CCF of the balance and dynamic of Catholic principles, thus intensifying its latent Marxist potentialities. Having thus served to foster a Right-Left division, it would have the further and most false result of seeming to identify Catholicism with the Right. Such an identification has already arisen by historical accident in several countries with calamitous result. The Church is neither Right nor Left. Indeed the very distinction between the two is perhaps basically unnecessary and a fruit merely of the psychology of partisanship. But in any event the greatest threat to the Church would seem at the moment to come from the Right, for it is better to be an outcast than a servant.

The desire for Canadian unity and the very working of the British system of representative responsible government were further reasons why it would be desirable to treat all political parties alike. It is in the nature of the British system that there shall be but two main parties, each representing and harmonizing many elements across the country. Each representing a cross-cut of the whole community. Class parties, protest parties, racial or credal parties are alien to the British system. For this reason, and for the sake of national unity, it is desirable that Catholics should be represented in and influence all major parties. With the rise of the CCF it seemed quite possible that a general realignment would eventually be brought about, with the new party the core of one grouping and a Liberal-Progressive amalgamation the core of the other. That Catholics should be excluded, or think that they were excluded, from one of these groupings would be a catastrophe for the Church and for the country.

Moreover, the constitution of the CCF is demo-

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cratic. Its policy is determined by a national convention, and the composition of this convention is determined ultimately by the general party membership. Thus the influence which Catholics could exert in the party would be proportionate to their participation in the party. If they abstained from such participation, they would go far to create that which they feared, namely, a materialist and anti-Christian organization.

Such then were the secondary considerations before the bishops as they faced the primary question of whether or not the CCF was "indifferent" from the point of view of faith and morals. This question, the only one which came within their competence, resolved itself under three headings, viz.: whether or not the CCF program denied man's fundamental right to possess property; whether or not the program incited to class war; and whether or not it was basically materialistic in philosophy. Let us consider these three points in turn.

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It is certain that the CCF would radically limit the possession of property in the present sense of those words, but the party does not deny absolutely the right to property, nor, in particular, does it appear to deny the right to the ownership of land. The argument concerning property would therefore seem to be one of degree rather than principle, and accordingly we must avoid over-simple reasoning of black-or-white variety. It is not enough to state that the Church defends ardently man's right to possess property, for it by no means follows that the Church defends all the forms, all the concepts and all the uses and abuses of property now existent. One must distinguish carefully between many kinds and forms of property, and between many types and concepts of ownership.

The Church's defence of the right to property, for example, does not necessary apply to all forms of the relatively new and still developing conception of the limited liability company, in which, apparently, technical ownership can be divorced from control. Property is a relative not an absolute term, and one should be slow to dogmatize about it. Within the memory of comparatively young Canadians, public roads were still in part thought to be subject to legitimate private possession. Today public roads, like water and postal services, are classed by all as property which no private person should be permitted to possess. It is foolish to gloss over the diverse nature of property and to talk as though man's right to possess it were unqualified. There are, after all, great differences of responsibility and control in the use of possessives such as: *my* pencil, *my* pencil factory; *my* house, *my* apartment building; *my* farm, *my* timber limits; or *my* books, *my* back-yard, *my* investments, *my* dog, *my* club. Property has a social as well as a private function, and the former must never be subordinate to the latter.

Equally there are many forms of ownership, ranging from the un-Christian *usus et abusus,* inherited from Roman law, to the communitarian holding of the old Russian Mir or the modern consumers' cooperative. Possession of property is a right, but rights are not unconditional. Rights, after all, are but the correlatives of duties.

When one considers these distinctions, therefore, and when one considers that Pius XI stated in *Quadragesimo Anno* that "It is rightly contended that certain forms of property must be reserved to the state, since they carry with them an opportunity of domination too great to be left to private individuals without injury to the community at large," it can readily be seen that the question of property is a broad one and that even a very large measure of socialization can be argued to be not inconsistent with Christian teaching.

As for inciting class war, there can be no question but that certain more radical members of the CCF have a penchant for rabblerousing. However, a very good case can be made for the contention that class war is fostered less by these direct incitations than by the reactionary stand of many anti-labor forces of capitalism. It is a choice, as it were, between those who stoke existing fires and those who sit on the safety valve.

Finally, with regard to materialist philosophy, it should be noted that the CCF—in typical Anglo-Saxon pragmatic style—is largely without any conscious social philosophy or theory of authority. If, on the other hand, we come to unconscious or implied philosophy, then it becomes extremely difficult to distinguish between the materialist philosophy of any of Canada's major political parties. We have, after all, ceased to live in a Christian world.

*

These then were some of the factors that had to be weighed by the bishops assembled in plenary council as they considered the momentous question of whether or not they viewed the CCF as "indifferent" from the point of view of faith and morals. It was not altogether easy so to conclude. The tone and temper of the party in the extreme West, for example, was decidedly Marxist. In the East, the semantic difficulty caused by the careless Anglo-Saxon use of the word *socialist* had to be feared. English-speaking people frequently change their concepts without changing their vocabulary. Although *socialism* is unequivocably condemned by the Church, it does not necessarily follow that the thing called *socialism* by Anglo-Saxons falls within the scope of that condemnation.

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Despite these difficulties, however, the episcopate of Canada reached the conclusion that the CCF was indifferent, and that the faithful were accordingly entirely at liberty to support it or oppose it as they saw fit. In short, from the point of view of faith and morals, the CCF was found to be on the same footing as all other legitimate Canadian political parties. It should be remembered, of course, that the Church's attitude toward legitimate political parties is by no means one of complete endorsement of all their proposals past, present and to come. No party is perfect, and the Church expects the faithful at all times to scrutinize all programs in the light of their consciences and to vote accordingly.

The plenary council of bishops named a committee from among themselves to draft and announce their conclusion. As the CCF had never been formally condemned, the committee saw no need to give the party an explicit clearance. There was danger, moreover, that an explicit clearance would be misinterpreted by many as meaning approval. Therefore the committee declared in general terms that the faithful were "free to support any political party upholding the basic Christian traditions of Canada, and favoring needed reforms in the social and economic order which are demanded with such urgency in pontifical documents." As the declaration mentioned no party by name, there was a strong possibility that its meaning might not be entirely clear—particularly since it concerned a subject in which strong passions and prejudices were involved. Therefore in order to make the import of the declaration still clearer, it was released some days after the close of the council through a few French-speaking papers, and through *The Canadian Register,* official English-speaking organ of ten dioceses. *The Canadian Register* was asked by the committee of bishops to accompany the text of the declaration by an editorial designed to interpret explicitly and faithfully the intentions of the plenary council.

Unfortunately there have been some who have not understood, and others who have not wished to understand, the import of the declaration. For example *The Catholic Record,* a long-established weekly, concluded that it was the duty of the CCF to prove that their party met the qualifications laid down by the bishops in their declaration. "It is their duty," said the *Record* on October 30, "to show that their principles and program uphold the basic Christian traditions of Canada. It is their obligation to show that they favor the needed reforms in the social and economic order." This attitude, which was later adopted by *L'Action Catholique* of Quebec, was made use of by many secular papers which were then—and are still—conducting a vehement campaign against the CCF. This misunderstanding has been caused partly by the varying meanings currently given to the word *socialism;* partly by over-simple views of the nature of property; partly by confusion between racial, political and doctrinal categories; and partly because of the desire of certain extreme elements in the party itself to make impossible any rapprochement with the Church.

Be that as it may, it was the intention of the Catholic bishops in Canada, assembled in plenary council in Quebec last October, to declare that the CCF was indifferent from the point of view of faith and morals. The Church does not concern itself with political parties as such, it does not give its support, neither does it oppose them. The Church is not and cannot be concerned with the purely political and economic implications of the program of the CCF, and it expresses no opinion concerning them. The Church judges political parties only from the point of view of faith and morals. From that point of view the bishops believed the CCF to be indifferent. It follows, therefore, that at present support of or opposition to the CCF is a purely secular matter which it is the duty of all Catholics to decide for themselves.

Communications

LESSONS OF MY LIFE

Philadelphia, Pa.

TO the Editors: Some of Mme. Sigrid Undset's statements in her review of Lord Vansittart's recent book, published in THE COMMONWEAL for February 11, cannot remain unchallenged. Her view that "the Germans" (without qualifications) resented the liberation by the Treaty of Versailles of 30 million of non-Germans (mostly Poles and Czechs) from Teutonic domination makes little sense; the Treaty of Versailles, which dealt solely with Germany, liberated some Poles and French, but no Czechs. Mme. Undset obviously refers to the Treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye and perhaps also to the Treaty of Trianon, which regulated the partitions of Austria and of Hungary respectively.

It may be true that pre-war Austria favored noblemen in the higher posts of her administration, but there was never such a thing as a "racial bias." The Austrian Empire had a supra-national basis, the Imperial House was of Swiss-French origin. There was a thorough-going bilingualism in all non-Germanic areas of the monarchy. Nowhere had the Poles more civic and ethnic rights than under the black-yellow banner: Galicia, indeed, became the Piedmont for resurrected Poland. And a list of the illustrious names in the former monarchy shows us a generous share of Slavs and other non-Germanic nationals, such as the Kinskys, Choteks, Radetzkys of Hradec, Goluchowskis, Nadhernys, Potockis, Wrbnas, Chorinskys, Czernins, Kottulinskys, Dobrzenskys, Musulins, Puhallos, Boroevićs, Philippovichs, Cuvajs, Jellacics, Dubskys, Bilińskis, Skrbenskys, Wassilkos, Skrzyńskis, Rohans, Hus-

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sareks, Dumbas, Lobkowitz-Lobkowiczs, Ségurs, d'Harnoncourts, Badenis, Dohalskys, Clam-Martinic, Hoyos, Colloredos, etc., et.

Yet even Czech nationalists of humble birth did not fare so badly after all. President Thomas G. Masaryk, son of a poor coachman, became Professor at the University of Vienna, the most exalted civil position in Austria. His grievance that Jews were favored in Austria was perhaps due to the fact that he was born and reared in the diocese of the Prince-Archbishop *Cohn* of Olomouc.

The tendency to look down on other nationals was, rather, a bad habit of the middle classes in Germany (and elsewhere) who often measured nations by their *per capita* possession of bath-tubs, telephones and soap. These prejudices were on the whole foreign to the gentry, nobility, laboring classes and peasantry of North Germany. If we make a list of outstanding Prussians, we see the frequent recurrence of Slavic names.

To make generalizations is dangerous; in the case of Germany and the Germans it is always a failure. The words of the Russian, Count Benckendorff, ought to be remembered: *"Il n'y a pas les allemands, il n'y a que des allemands."* ERIK VON KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN.

The Stage & Screen

Caukey

SECOND offering of the season of the Blackfriars' Guild, this is written by Thomas McGlynn, directed by Dennis Gurney, set by Thomas Fabian and handled by an interesting cast. The play itself—another honest examination of the Negro problem—is largely dependent upon shock-value for its effect and one regrets that the author was not able to work more carefully and logically within the fantastic framework he has invented. Accomplishing a complete head-over-heels, he presents us with a familiar picture of life in one of our larger cities, with the important exception that here it happens to be a life controlled by the black man. The minority racial group in question are the Caucasians whose name—diminished into a bitter epithet—gives us the title of the piece. These people live in ghettos in the reaches of the city and are, of course, economically and socially at the mercy of their so-called black masters; and the piece carves the theme to the shape of one young "Caukey" boy whose tragic struggle for opportunity and recognition builds the three acts. However, aside from the immediate theatricality of the about-face employed by the author—a method which must, I think, serve one purpose exactly in bringing home a sense of responsibility to every actual Caucasian in the audience—the play is badly contrived. The second-act climax, laid in the office of the Negro Real Estate Boss, is reared from a number of small pieces of nothing-at-all, and thereafter the entire thing limps badly, falling into outright and embarrassing melodrama in the end. It is, certainly, illegitimate to force one's characters—of no matter what color—to behave like ninnies on the stage, rather

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than men and women, simply for the purpose of motivating a theme. And unfortunately I am afraid Father McGlynn is guilty of this. I am afraid he fell in love with his *big idea* and let the rest of his material go hang. But it is a truism that no idea having to do with the technique of presentation can ever justify a lack of stuff. I only wish the author could have worked more slowly.

Concerning the cast, I thought the two juveniles, Dennis McDonald in the lead and Robert Lancet, playing the Brother, were excellent, and I look forward to seeing more of their work. And Florence Fox as the Girl of the "Caukey" family, Ruth P. White as the Mother, and particularly Vernon Chambers as the Negro Boss were very fine. The performance as a whole brought up a point which needs, I think, some emphasis in print. For a long time, perhaps forever, it has been a tradition among actors that the second-night show is the lemon in any run. As Bernhardt put it, "God is not in the house." For some reason, this superstition has been steadfastly ignored by the professional publicity boys, and weekly and out-of-town press people are consistently relegated to second nights when lines are blown, business is fumbled, and pace reaches a nadir. Probably it will take an insistent campaign to bring about a change in the situation on Broadway, but it seems to me that an organization like the Blackfriars should be bound by no such silly and damaging professional custom as this. I wish they would pick out another night for me and my colleagues to view their work. Surely it would be to everyone's advantage that we should see them at their best. (*At the Blackfriars' Guild, 316 West 57 Street.*) KAPPO PHELAN.

What Are the Girls Up To?

IN THE past few months the scheme of this column has changed somewhat. Films of unusual interest are reviewed at greater length, and films of a type are grouped and reviewed together. With this system, reviews won't always appear at the time of a film's première, and because of space limitations, some films won't be reviewed at all. This week we're offering a hasty survey of some recent and coming comedies that merit at least a couple of lines—because you may want to see these movies or you may want to remember to avoid them. Each to his own, andsoforth.

Deanna Durbin's latest is *"His Butler's Sister."* Although it's a light bit of fluff, Director Frank Borzage manages to make it seem rather entertaining. Pat O'Brien, who plays a worldly butler with an amusing, sophisticated air, has cause for alarm when his sister (Durbin) from the country throws herself too forcefully at his boss (Franchot Tone), a famous composer and producer. The slim plot works out exactly as one might expect. But in the meantime we hear Deanna sing pleasantly and are kept in laughter by Borzage's deft direction of the other five gentleman's gentlemen who pursue our heroine when she poses as Tone's maid.

Olivia de Havilland throws herself with utter abandon into her work as a *"Government Girl,"* but the results are not too happy. Somehow Dudley Nichols, who produced, directed and wrote this screenplay, lost his sense of humor in sweating so hard over his dubious comedy; and his rehash of other Washington-wartime satires is not helped by the script's clichés, the slapstick, or De Havilland's unfunny mugging. Sonny Tufts, as an innocent hard-working production chief, stands out as the film's only plausible character, but even he is left up in the air by the awkward script.

Paulette Goddard also plays a secretary harassed by conditions in Washington today. In *"Standing Room Only,"* she and her boss (Fred MacMurray) take jobs as servants in Roland Young's elaborate household just to get a roof over their heads while Fred stands in line daily to see a guy in the OPD—or something. All this results in some pretty silly situations like the scene in which Paulette and Fred sleep in the park during a rainstorm. Sidney Lanfield's direction is such that the action is never as funny as the lines which poke clever jokes at our nation's hectic capital. Roland Young (very droll as the henpecked husband who is too, too baffled at what servants get away with these days) succeeds in stealing the film from Paulette, Fred and Edward Arnold, who plays Paulette's boss's boss.

Hedy Lamarr's is not the one referred to in *"The Heavenly Body."* Her husband (William Powell), who discovered a new comet, takes his work very seriously; so much so, that he is more interested in the heavenly bodies than in Hedy's and he gets furious when his wife confuses his astronomy with the mumbo jumbo known as astrology. He learns to put work aside, however, when astrology drives Hedy into the arms of a handsome air raid warden (James Craig) who is not unaware of Hedy's charms. This plot labors; at times you can even hear it puffing to be funny; and the farce is carried to absurdity. Even such an expert comedian as Bill Powell has difficulty in squeezing laughs out of the mediocre script. Alexander Hall's direction lacks subtlety, but he cannot be blamed for the lack of materials.

Betty Hutton shows in *"The Miracle of Morgan's Creek"* that she is more than just a bright-eyed, bouncy songstress. No doubt Director Preston Sturges should get much of the credit for this emergence of Hutton as an actress, for Sturges has a way of making film folk act. I wish he had as much taste in his conception of humor. Ever since his brilliant comedy, "The Great McGinty" (1940), Sturges has been turning out films of great promise that is never quite fulfilled. Since he writes and directs his pictures, he is pretty much the boss of the whole show. In "The Miracle," he is responsible for this story about a girl who, after spending the night with some soldiers, has a vague idea that she is married to one of them, and wishes she were certain later when she discovers she is going to have a baby. The hero (Eddie Bracken) is a nervous, stuttering 4F-er who blunders around and tries to help the situation by marrying the girl. Sturges has embellished his comedy with satire, slapstick and touching pathos. As usual his major and minor characters are extremely well portrayed. But if stuttering, bigamy, illegitimate babies and complete irreverence for matrimony and motherhood are fitting subject matter for comedy, then cinema has fallen into a low state, indeed.

Ginger Rogers leads the group of temporary war

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widows who club together to rent a house, manage each other's affairs and be brave. *"Tender Comrade,"* a kind of 1944 version of what "Little Women" are doing in wartime, is full of appropriate episodes on rationing, budgeting, hoarding, black markets, being true to the boys who are away, and holding your chin up and not blubbering when that dreadful missing-in-action or notice-of-death telegram arrives. Ruth Hussey, Patricia Collinge and Kim Hunter are the girls who live with Ginger and work with her at a defense plant. Mady Christians plays the German-born housekeeper who mothers the girls and weeps into the same pot with them—because her man is fighting Hitler too. Director Edward Dmytryk has given "Tender Comrade" a soft glow that will make audiences drop many a tender tear. A series of flashbacks shows us what Ginger's life was like before the war; but she behaves so much like an impetuous child-wife in them that one wonders how she was able to hold such a swell husband as the guy portrayed by Robert Ryan with patience, warmth and charm. Some of David Hempstead's production is disarmingly dishonest—particularly in the smart clothes which these girls, especially Ginger, wear on practically no money at all. In spite of the film's frequent humorous scenes, it is not meant to be a comedy, but a serious study of our courageous little fighters on the home front. Strangely enough this sentimental phoney was written by Dalton Trumbo, who is usually more Hemingway than Alcott.

Margaret O'Brien gives a first-rate performance in the most original picture of this whole lot. *"Lost Angel,"* based on an idea by Agna Enters, shows what happens to a youngster who has been brought up by a group of psychology professors in a kind of intellectual ivory tower. She escapes one night into our world of reality, which becomes for her a world of magic. With the help of a reporter (James Craig) and a night-club singer (Marsha Hunt) and a very sentimental escaped convict (Keenan Wynn) she learns a thing or two about life and love. Roy Rowland has directed the delightful script by Isobel Lennart and his good cast with a pleasing mixture of make-believe and reality. I wish the makers of this sweet-tough film had gone all the way in condemning the sterile education-by-theory-and-formula that was given little Alpha (that's the name of the girl who is played so understandingly by Margaret) but I suppose we should be happy to see something novel in films even if the subject doesn't come up to the highest standards. As it is, "Lost Angel" provides top-notch entertainment.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Portrait of a Roaring Radical

BONAVENTURE SCHWINN, O.S.B.

"IS HE not just a great lion?" a little girl whispered in awe to her mother when she beheld the huge, bearded, shaggy Brownson in his Elizabeth, New Jersey, house toward the end of his life. Archbishop James Roosevelt Bailey had called him *Ursa Major*. All through his life Brownson exhibited many of the qualities of both the bear and lion, and the archbishop and the little girl characterized him correctly. Indeed, Brownson himself was well aware of those qualities. He wrote in his *Review* in 1864, "We are what we have been, what we always shall be—a bold, rough, independent man." And he had said in "The Convert" in 1857, "I trust I shall always have the honor of being regarded by my friends and associates as impolitic, as rash, imprudent and impracticable."

*

The din of Brownson's innumerable controversies rang out discordantly during the periods Van Wyck Brooks has described as the Flowering of New England and New England's Indian Summer. While time has softened the harsher details of those battles long ago, and the humor rather than the deadly seriousness of the situations into which Brownson blustered has become evident, even in 1944, which is the centennial year of his conversion to Catholicism, the figure of the giant Vermonter, who laid about him so lustily using his pen as a bludgeon to crack the heads of all opponents continues to stir the imagination.

It has inspired Theodore Maynard to write the third biography of Brownson that has appeared within the last five years. Mr. Maynard has no thesis to prove. His purpose is simply to present a portrait of Brownson and of his ideas. While the man Brownson is a figure sufficiently picturesque to attract any artist, the delineation of the many moral phases through which he passed presents peculiar difficulties, for he was successively a Presbyterian, a Universalist, a socialist, and a Unitarian before becoming a Catholic; and as a Catholic he lapsed into ontologism and liberalism. Added to his special gift for making biography lively and unusually interesting is the fact that Mr. Maynard's own road to Rome led from extreme Protestant fundamentalism through Unitarianism. The author of "The Story of American Catholicism" had an extraordinary preparation and background for a biog-

*Orestes Brownson: Yankee, Radical, Catholic. Macmillan. $3.00.

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raphy of Brownson, and he is the first writer who has ever had access to all the possible sources of information. The result of his exhaustive and careful scholarship and special talents is not only the best biography of Brownson that has been written, but a book that is as interesting as a novel. It abounds in graphic details. For example,

> On the ferry between Chelsea and Boston everyone knew the tall preacher in the swallow-tailed coat who always carried a pile of books under his arm and a chaw of tobacco in his cheek. In his hearty way he used to get into conversation with strangers and, more likely than not, into a metaphysical argument. For the first time his astounded fellow-passengers would hear the outlandish names of Kant and Jouffroy and Constant and Saint-Simon and Cousin.

After having been a bull in the china shop of the genteel and lady-like literary society of Boston and getting on the nerves of the Brook Farmers during his years as a Protestant, Brownson lost no time after his entrance into the Church in offending his Protestant acquaintances on nearly every possible occasion. He seems to have been under the impression that he had become a shock trooper in the Church belligerent rather than a member of the Church militant. His truculence as a defender of the Faith is amusing now, but it must have been vastly irritating at the time. To the famous principle, *Extra Ecclesiam nulla salus,* he gave a harsh and uncompromising interpretation such as only the most rigoristic and intransigent of Catholic theologians would accept. Like the character in "Hudibras," he was resolved

> To prove his doctrine orthodox
> By apostolic blows and knocks.

To an innkeeper in Andover who served meat at the common table of his hostelry on Friday Brownson roared, "Why don't you have something in your house a Christian can eat?" When the unfortunate host, quite ignorant of his offense and thinking that his guest preferred some other kind of meat, ventured to suggest a steak, he was met with a louder roar. "Why don't you have fish?" stormed Brownson. "No Christian eats meat on Friday." On hearing a man named Hoover attacking the Church, Brownson picked him up by the coat-collar and the seat of his trousers and threw him over a stove and across the room. He was satisfied with merely knocking down another man who told him that in becoming a Catholic he had turned traitor to his country.

★

Sometimes his abuse of his dissenting brethren was salted with a grim humor, as when Benjamin Greene, a Protestant who published *Brownson's Review* for him, asked what reward he might expect in the next world in view of the fact that although a Protestant he published a Catholic review. Brownson replied, "Well, let me see. You will have a reward of course. It will be that every million years you will be allowed to put your foot for the millionth part of a second on the coolest spot in hell." One day he met two lean Protestant ministers of his acquaintance and one of them asked him, "How is it, Brother Brownson, that you who used to be as thin as we are have grown so big?" "Very simple," said Brownson. "Become Catholics and go to confession and get your sins off your conscience: then you will grow fat."

With the hardihood of a backwoodsman who is not afraid to catch a bear by the tail, Brownson engaged the two most formidable groups in the Church, the Jesuits and the Irish. Of Jesuit theology he wrote, "We regard their system as the weakest and least philosophical of all the systems of Catholic theology." And he described the distinguished Jesuit magazine *Civiltà Cattolica* as "the organ of a society which has outlived its day and generation, and which is now not inaptly symbolized by the barren fig-tree of the Gospel." He admitted that the Jesuit colleges are "the best we have, but judging them by the intellectual inefficiency of their graduates, we risk little in expressing the opinion that they are but imperfectly performing the work of higher education demanded here and now." His dissatisfaction with the Jesuits was based in part on the fact that they, with a wisdom which he lacked, adapted their methods to the needs of the American Church of the nineteenth century and did the pioneer work of writing text-books and teaching in order to develop a culture which he erroneously assumed already to exist. To Brownson this procedure represented the last stage of intellectual degeneration, the line of which was from Fathers to Doctors, from Doctors to theologians, and from theologians to professors, "who content themselves with giving compendiums of compendiums . . . and have fallen as low as possible without falling into nothing and disappearing in the inane." In spite of his violent and unjust strictures, the Jesuits treated Brownson with admirable Christian forbearance and respect and befriended him on countless occasions. The first doctorate Fordham University ever gave was the Doctor of Laws degree it conferred upon him, and Kitson's heroic bust of Brownson now stands on one of the most conspicuous spots of the Fordham campus.

One of the many controversies Brownson had with Archbishop John Hughes shows how, with his lack of tact, he could insult the Irish while complimenting them and deeply offend the Archbishop, all at the same time. In the January, 1862, issue of his *Review* Brownson apologized to his readers for taking any notice of so wretched a rag as the *Metropolitan Magazine*. He did so, he said, only because it had recently published an article on the slavery question that "was actually written, dictated, or inspired by the most reverend archbishop." He notes that the article is full of "slang and billingsgate," but he accounts for the absence of the "dignity and classic purity always to be presumed in the writings of an archbishop" by supposing that in this case the style had been accommodated to the audience the article was intended to influence. He tosses a bouquet to the Irish, observing that no people have a deeper love of liberty or greater horror of slavery than they, and then insults both them and the archbishop by saying that no doubt Hughes "treats the rebels [of the South] with tenderness, [because] he comes of a nation in which rebellion, or what England treats as rebellion, has been chronic for nearly eight centuries." As if that were not enough, he goes on to assert that by

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defending the slave-trade the archbishop had incurred the excommunication threatened in Pope Gregory XVI's Letter of 1839, which "absolutely prohibits and interdicts all ecclesiastics and laymen from maintaining that this traffic in Blacks is permitted, under any pretext or color whatsoever; or to preach or teach in public or private, in any way whatever, anything in its favor or extenuation." Like a man who after knocking his adversary down stoops with grave deference to pick him up, Brownson went to Hughes's rescue, restating his case for him and explaining that the archbishop had probably not incurred excommunication because it had not been his intention actually to defend the slave-trade. "Understood in this way," he says, "we are under no necessity of so interpreting his language as to make it a defense of a traffic which the Church condemned." That evened Brownson's score with Hughes, who had recently delated him to Rome for heresy. The next time they met the Archbishop of New York said to Brownson, "I will never write anything against you again."

The slurs he had cast on the Irish on previous occasions cost Brownson the professorship which Newman had offered him in the new Catholic university of Ireland shortly after Newman's appointment as Rector in 1853.

★

To a limited extent Brownson is an example of the truth of the saying that a prophet is not without honor except in his own country and among his own people. Among Europeans Newman was not the only one to recognize and appreciate his great abilities. Montalembert was a close friend and correspondent of Brownson's. William George Ward studied his writings, without agreeing with him. And young Sir John (later Lord) Acton wrote enthusiastically in 1854 in reference to the professorship Newman had offered him in Dublin, "They would be too happy to let you lecture on opossums if you choose to communicate your good things in that way. . . . You alone can prepare us for the great controversies by founding among us a school and arming it with the principles of a sound philosophy. . . . Your intercourse will be an infusion of new blood in many societies, in Dublin, in London, in Paris." The fact is, as Mr. Maynard points out, that "what set Brownson in a special class was that, while being as distinctively American as Emerson or Thoreau, he had a world outlook. . . . He was in that sense the least provincial of Americans. . . . His catholicism led to Catholicism."

Some, but by no means all, of Brownson's irritability can be explained by the gout, from which he began to suffer soon after moving to New York in 1855. Father Hecker recommended a convert physician, a Dr. Watson, whose treatments were said to be inspired by the Holy Ghost and to produce on the body effects similar to those which Baptism produces on the soul. Dr. Watson bled Brownson freely and prescribed large quantities of whiskey. For these strange treatments he collected fees ranging from fifty to one hundred dollars. Fortunately for Brownson, Dr. Watson soon left New York.

Brownson had a great reputation as a dialectician, but he was no psychologist, and he was a poor judge of men. In 1862 he wrote to Sumner that President Lincoln "is thick-headed; he is ignorant; he is tricky, somewhat astute in a small way, and obstinate as a mule." Later he told Sumner, "The President is no statesman, is no constitutional lawyer, and has no conception of our real system of government . . . precisely the kind of man to ruin in times of crisis the liberties of a nation."

Most readers of Mr. Maynard's book will be curious to discover what he makes of Brownson's alleged ontologism. He deals with this difficult problem very cleverly. Even Brownson's old friend, Father Hecker, writing in *The Catholic World* in 1887, confessed that he had never been able to understand exactly what Brownson's seemingly ontologistic views were, and William George Ward wrote in the *Dublin Review* in 1876, "Try as we may to get a precise notion of Brownson's meaning, we fail. His words resolve themselves into ontologism, but he solemnly asseverates that he is no ontologist. We can only affirm that he is oracular and sibylline, and that we have no gift of interpreting the gods." Mr. Maynard accepts Father Sidney A. Raemers's thesis that Brownson's critics "have made the mistake of confounding intuition of God *by* the mind with the intuition of God *to* the mind, that is, with God creating, conserving, and pre-moving the mind and concurring with it in its action." It seems certain that Brownson was an ontologist, but his ontologism was of a somewhat different stripe from that which the Holy See condemned.

One could wish that Brownson had had less valor and more discretion, more tact and urbanity and a better insight into the characters of men and movements, less intellectual rashness and more restraint, that he had had the ability to captivate his audience instead of antagonizing and alienating it. But then, of course, he would not have been Brownson. He would not have been the great individualist that he was. He lived before his time and wrote brilliantly for a cultured public that did not exist. He was, as Van Wyck Brooks has remarked, "like an intellectual dynamo running in a void." But he was, after all, a journalist. His genius was critical, not creative, and he made no synthesis of his philosophical and critical opinions. His abilities were far greater than his performance, and his reach exceeded his grasp. He often stumbled, but he was always reaching for the stars.

Mr. Maynard has read everything ever written by, to, or about Brownson, including the letters that were in the possession of the late Mrs. Thomas H. Odiorne of New York, one of Brownson's grand-daughters. These letters throw a new light on the private life and family relations of Brownson during his last years. Even works that have only a remote reference to Brownson, like Newman's posthumous and rare "My Campaign in Ireland," are laid under contribution. Mr. Maynard rejects Father Raemers's opinion that Brownson was America's foremost philosopher, but thinks "there can be no doubt that his was the greatest and most luminous mind that has so far appeared among Catholics in this country." The chief merit of the present biography, apart from its completeness and balance, is the sobriety and correctness of its evalua-

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tions. It shows that the man Brownson was more interesting and more important than his writings. It is a picture of an impatient genius who was often mistaken in his judgments, but who loved truth passionately and was always utterly honest and sincere. Mr. Maynard tells the whole of Brownson's story as it has never been told before. And it need not be told again.

Editors' Choice

UNFINISHED BUSINESS. *Stephen Bonsal. Doubleday.* $3.00.

Versailles

ADVOCATES of world government, or even of less embracing means of attempting to maintain the peace through genuine international collaboration, should not be too optimistic. Last time the United States went to war fully convinced that we were fighting "to save the world for democracy." And even after months of post-war disillusionment, thirty-four out of thirty-six state legislatures taking action in the matter endorsed the League of Nations without reservations; "thirty-three governors had come out for it." Yet the League Covenant was decisively rejected by the Senate. Stephen Bonsal's "Unfinished Business" gives an inkling why this happened, for it consists of excerpts from a secret diary by Colonel House's confidential advisor, begun at the Peace Conference on the morrow of the Armistice and continued until December 23, 1919 (Washington, D. C.).

The immediate responsibility for America's rejection remains somewhat shrouded in mystery. Woodrow Wilson was so ill during the critical months of November and December, 1919, that it is not yet known whether the concessions which his adversary, Henry Cabot Lodge, handed to Colonel Bonsal ever reached our ailing President. When nothing came of this gesture of conciliation the Covenant was doomed with all the inevitability of Greek tragedy, for Lodge determined to oppose its ratification in any form (if he had not always been determined to do so) and Wilson instructed Senate Democrats to oppose ratification if there was the change of a single comma from the text adopted at Versailles.

If we go further back, with the aid of this illuminating diary, we find that Taft and Root and other Republican leaders had been carefully consulted on the drawing up of the Covenant in its original American form, but that, unhappily, all Republicans had been left at home—if still *au courant*—while the conferees at Paris were seeking to arrive at provisions upon which all nations participating could agree. It appears that too much has been made of the charge that Republicans were ignored in the matter.

At the Peace Conference itself there were some chronic troublemakers, but even after enmities and impasses had been made plain, and after the first fervor inspired by Wilson had turned to considerable disillusionment, the author reports that the majority of the delegates were exultant over the adoption of the Covenant in its compromise form. Why did it prove such a failure? Besides American rejection, there was the almost universal refusal to fulfill the terms of the Versailles Treaty which Colonel Bonsal encountered in defeated Germany. And several enemies of the League from other countries came to be most active participants in its sessions.

Ironically enough one of the chief reasons that the peace did not last was that so many Europeans preferred letting aggressors march forward step by step to engaging in another war. It is all very well to vitriolize this sentiment as "appeasement," but over in America we have yet to experience the full brunt of modern war. In his humanity and compassion the author records this from his diary: "I leaned against an iron pillar and watched and waited. Slowly the silent mob of the lame, the halt and the blind, the crape-draped widows, and the pale-faced, sad-eyed orphans of some of the four hundred thousand gallant soldiers who died defending the great fortress against the onrush of the invading Germans, dissolved. For me the pomp and pageantry of war had vanished for a long time, perhaps forever, and what remained was misery and tears, loneliness and squalor. It was hours before the last of the war widows, carrying children who would never see their fathers, disappeared into the darkness of the city where victory perched. But I shall see them always—always."

It is disquieting to think that certain of the issues which so agitated the Paris Peace Conference remain unsolved to this day, that they will rise again to plague the new peacemakers, viz.: racial equality, colonial peoples, the international police force, the restriction of national sovereignty required for common action against an aggressor. Germany has not learned, either, and has again dug its own grave in the Ukraine which twenty-five years ago was also a mirage of plenty for the German people. And yet there are a number of things many of us have learned. Wide distribution of Stephen Bonsal's book would itself serve as a reminder to the American people of what must not be repeated if the peace is to last this time.

It would be an error to think of this volume in purely political terms, for it abounds in warm human touches, in convincing thumbnail impressions of many of the leading actors in this great tragedy. Colonel Bonsal makes no bones about his personal likes and dislikes although his tone is always calm. He pushes the reader gently in a certain direction but leaves to him the final judgment on each statesman. He is human and humane, compassionate and understanding and as convincing an apologist for the Wilson-House peace effort as could appear.

More Books of the Week

Coronal. Paul Claudel. Pantheon. $2.75.

THE OTHER night at Kurt Wolff's we were talking about Paul Claudel whose "Coronal" ("Corona Benignitatis Anni Dei") Wolff recently published in a French and English edition with the English done, in many ways not indifferently, by Sister Mary David, S.S.N.D.

We were looking at books issued in the happy years when Wolff could publish, in Leipzig, in Berlin, the masterpieces he loved. Among them was a "Candide" illustrated by Paul Klee (grasshoppers as though fashioned out of wire, in ambiguous action bring to the printed page the ironies and the passions of mankind); there was a Baudelaire, a Verlaine, a Francis Jammes and, already, work of Claudel.

Suddenly H. A. R., who is a German, spoke up: there was no getting round the fact that Claudel's poetry meant nothing whatever to him—"What possible relation can you see in it to Baudelaire?" So then we read over together the wonderful verses of "Notre Dame Auxiliatrice" which are in "Coronal." But that did not help. "I can see

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nothing there but moralism," he insisted, "I do not feel the 'poetry'; I just do not feel it at all."

It is quite true, of course, that Claudel's is a strange "poetry" to find in the time and in the country of Rimbaud, Mallarmé and Baudelaire. The very use of free verse and simple assonance, the indefinitely prolonged rhythms help to deceive an ear which is not French. For, in this way, the measure of certain cadences, even the tonal quality of certain stanzas, can be missed entirely, and the music of an eloquence, even where the beat is clearly marked, can be lost.

This is why I continue to consider regrettable the omission in this edition of certain more purely poetic pieces—some were in regular verse forms—which, in the original, formed a series entitled "Signets entre les pages." I am quite aware that to include them would mean lengthening very greatly a double text—French and English—which even now is of considerable length. Yet these poems would have served to guarantee—as it were—the more secret and hidden poetry in these irregular forms which, too easily, will be thought prosaic.

In any case the fact is that Claudel's poetry remains a poetry of images and ideas. More than musical and verbal form, it is a certain lyrical quality in the images and in the thought which assures its principal beauty. The nobility and majesty of this Christian poetry, weighted down always by a peasant's massive faith, will escape no one.

I do not say that in "Coronal" one will find the sovereign perfection and the broad sweep of "Connaissance de l'Est," or "Cinq Grandes Odes," or "Partage du Midi." But one can open this volume anywhere; there is not a page in which, all of a sudden, the vigor, the intensity or the splendor of an image or of a truth—new and fresh—does not strike the reader. That there is, from time to time, an effervescence in the language which is too close to being mere verbiage seems certain; but for a reader who allows himself to be swept along by the flood from the very start such passages will not seem important, the flood will bear him along and he will hardly notice that here and there the waters are less pure.

The English translation has of course been criticized. It is uneven, but the task of translating Claudel into approximating English forms and rhymes is an impossibly difficult one. The English here must serve as an introduction to the French which, incidentally, is not a difficult French. It is hardly necessary to say that one finds in this "Coronal" the admirable typographical quality, the noble proportion and the clearness of page which characterize all the books which have come to us from the hands of Kurt Wolff.

M. A. COUTURIER.

O Distant Star. Mary Frances Doner. Doubleday. $2.50.

IN THOSE dimly distant days when cooks were considered of inferior social stature, Miss Doner's humble heroine raised her Irish eyes as high as a denizen of Beacon Hill; Delia being only a seamstress from South Boston. The horrifying social chasm was not bridged, however, because Delia's family saw to it that she married honest Dermott Reagan instead of Richard Cleaves, Esq., with the spanking team and cold gray eye, to continue her story with a frontier setting the author, with more energy than probability, then shunts both Beacon Hill and South Boston characters westward where their adventures make no better reading than in the East. Since Miss Doner has written some eight other novels, there must be those

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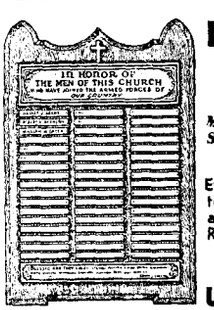

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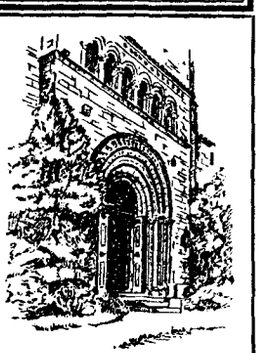

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who enjoy manipulated melodrama with an excess of dialogue. The ghost of a moral labels the fact that because Delia was dissatisfied with her social station, she spoiled her own life as well as those of two of her children. This brings us to a printing problem which Miss Doner dodges: how could the pages of the "Social Register" be replenished if there were no aspirants to that once exclusive circle whose members in "O Distant Star" pollute the pure oxygen of the Great Lakes with the nitrogen of Boston Common?

E. V. R. WYATT.

Bonin. Robert Standish. Macmillan. $2.50.

IN 1875 the Bonin Islands came under Japanese rule. Everybody in the Pacific was annexing islands. It was the fashion for British, French, Germans, Russians and, eventually, for Americans. Japan, busily "Westernizing," had to follow suit. Twenty years later, my first diplomatic assignment was "to study and understand the Japanese." I wanted to see those islands. I was brought up on voyages and discoveries, from Hakluyt to Captain Basil Hall Chamberlin in the Japanese area; on Quelpaert, in the Loo-choo islands. "Bill Bonin," the cast-away who was supposed to have given his name to the Bonins, was practically a household word, as were the whalers and seal-poachers of the Pacific. I took them all as part of my job, but an assistant Secretary of State refused to let me go and see what was there, what the Japanese were doing in the Bonins. He saw no need for secretaries to go traipsing around "foreign parts." I pointed out that those islands were not "foreign parts." They were officially actually, part of the municipality of Tokyo itself; but . . . no! The official gentleman did not know that. Often Washington has not felt the need to "know and understand." That was in 1897 forty-seven years ago! It is only since Pearl Harbor that many of them have seen the need to know "what is there" in this general region, who is there, why, and what they are doing; to know its geography, its history, and its relation to the rest of humanity for commerce, for peace, for war.

Standish's book is worth reading. Knowledge which was once commonplace has to be rebuilt, now that the records of old sailing-masters are forgotten. All these current writers, however, must be read with caution. None has any understanding knowledge of the Japanese before 1904 and the Japanese-Russian war. Our present ideas come from the new breed of financial sharpshooters and big-scale racketeers, and the Japanese military power bred up after the great casualties of that war. Replacements were drawn from the only source available: the people of the under-nourished, new 4F industrial proletariat of Japan. The army built them up physically; stunted them educationally; warped them intellectually and spiritually; turned them, deliberately, into blindly obedient, fanatical killers. It is still an open question how they will respond to defeat. That has been a constant since 1914. It is what we are up against now, and that is what has to be exterminated; for that is the tool that was forged and tempered during the forty years after 1904, and used in the combined military, big-scale gangster, racketeer operations and inhuman atrocities of Korea, Manchuria, the China coast, of Siam, and Burma, of Hongkong, Bataan and Singapore as well as in the clean-cut sweeping Japanese victories from Pearl Harbor on till they were stopped at Guadalcanal. The Japanese of 1944 are not the same as those of 1875. That should be remembered.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

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The Inner Forum

American Bishops on Anti-Semitism

NEW YORK daily newspapers recently printed Archbishop Spellman's letter to Judge Proskauer commending him for his statement on the current importance of opposing all racial and religious discrimination. Shortly afterward the *American* magazine (present net paid circulation, 2,617,722) published an article by Archbishop Spellman reminding all readers that "anti-Semitism is wrong from a Catholic and humanitarian viewpoint as well as from an American viewpoint. . . ."

In Chicago Bishop Sheil and the Catholic Youth Organization have just published an illustrated leaflet on anti-Semitism and racial discrimination. It quotes from public utterances of Bishop Sheil during recent years. Here is one excerpt: "The Jewish problem, which is admittedly a problem, is decidedly not distinctly Jewish. It is a human problem. It is our problem. The situation which now confronts us is not, therefore, a problem for the Jews alone. It is a problem which no less deeply concerns Catholics, Protestants and men of good will everywhere. We cannot behold with cold unconcern the sufferings, the misfortune, the ruthless persecution of our fellow countrymen without treason to the highest and holiest precepts of religion. . . ."

The Chicago CYO prides itself on the fact that its facilities have always been open to youth without regard to creed, race, color or financial status. Lectures in recent months have dealt with such topics as: "Why Is Anti-Semitism a Sin?", "Contributions of the Negro to the American Way of Life" and "Why Does Anti-Semitism Exist?" "In all religious, recreational and social activities in the vast CYO program the young people participating are taught the underlying truth of the Brotherhood of Man in the Fatherhood of God."

Bishop McAuliffe of Hartford in a letter to all pastors in his diocese, printed on the first page of the *Catholic Transcript* for February 17, cites the two great commandments in endorsing "throughout the Diocese of Hartford" the Brotherhood Week sponsored again this February by the National Conference of Christians and Jews. The Bishop continues: "We cannot love God sincerely and honestly without loving our neighbor. God made no distinction of race, color or creed; neither should we. In this great land of ours we all live together in amity which has its foundation in the love of neighbor. We should not only be free of ill will toward him; we should also endeavor to promote his welfare. . . . Let us all strive to defeat any movement toward hatred of any man's religious or social standing."

CONTRIBUTORS

Helen ISWOLSKY is the author of several books, the latest of which is "Soul of Russia."

Rev. Bonaventure SCHWINN, O.S.B., is Catholic chaplain at Iowa State University.

Rev. M. A. COUTURIER, O.P., is a French Dominican now living in this country.

E. V. R. WYATT is drama critic of the *Catholic World* and frequently contributes articles and book reviews to THE COMMONWEAL.

William Franklin SANDS was for many years in the diplomatic service of the US, and before the war was headmaster of the Newman School.

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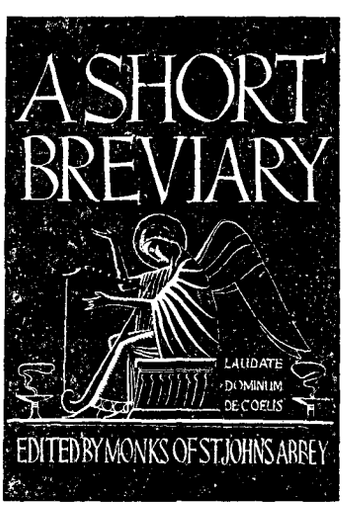

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